

20 JANUARY 1965 2s.6d.

tatler

& BYSTANDER



Who rides
in Rotten Row?





Shell Guide to Bird Sanctuaries

A message from
Peter Scott and James Fisher

We are both very happy to be able to introduce Shell's latest contribution to the appreciation of wild nature in our islands. This new idea is of importance to us all, because its accent is on the conservation of nature and the appreciation of what are sometimes called 'wilderness values.'

The two of us first went bird watching together in schooldays, and since then we have frequently collaborated in national and international research and conservation bodies. It is an honour for us—James Fisher as writer, Peter Scott as artist—to be associated with the distinguished artists, S. R. Badmin, E. A. R. Ennion (some of whose pictures are on this page), Richard Eurich, Rowland Hilder, R. B. Talbot Kelly, C. F. Tunnicliffe and Donald Watson. In the next twelve months they will illustrate twelve great British sanctuaries.

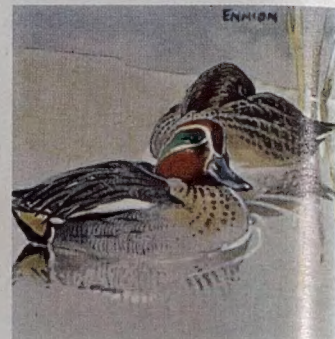
A bird sanctuary is a wild area kept wild to preserve rare, beautiful and interesting birds, or a community of plants and animals of which special birds are a vital part. Yet some of the finest of them are accessible to the public. Some treasures have to be kept secret for the treasures' own sake. But the sanctuaries in this series are no secret; most of them have controlled access and the public is invited to visit and enjoy them under a set of common-sense rules. Please, on your visit, be ready to work with the wardens, keep all trail regulations and drills, and watch the birds discreetly. Permits are usually necessary, and the number of daily visitors is limited at some sanctuaries at certain seasons. To avoid disappointment, everybody should write *well ahead* to the addresses we give.

We hope that Shell's 1965 campaign will help the conservation movement by finding new supporters and making new naturalists. We feel that if families read the advertisements, visit a sanctuary, and are then prompted to join a national conservation body or one of the nationwide County Naturalists' Trusts, we will have done our job. If nature is to be preserved in these islands of burgeoning industry and population, nature lovers cannot just sit, or walk (or motor) and watch. They must also act to preserve the beauty they enjoy. For this they need a collective voice which can be heard, and they can only have it when they are organised together.

Peter Scott *James Fisher*

The birds shown in the paintings on the left are peregrine, jay, common gull, bittern, osprey, fulmar; those on the right are roseate tern, teal, puffin, redshank, smew and whitefront.

Wherever you go...
you can be sure of



tatler

and bystander volume 255 number 3308

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

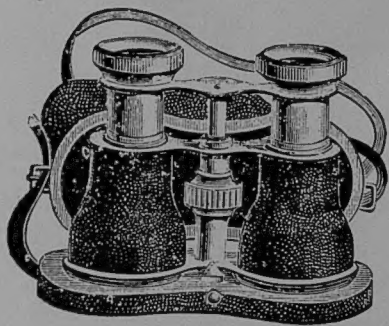


The girl on the cover is one of the new generation of riders in Rotten Row. Michael Farr pursues the theme on page 117 with pictures by Peter Rand who also took the cover. The newest generation of all is catered for by Muriel Bowen, page 105 onwards, and by Unity Barnes in her fashion section starting on page 126. Drusilla Beyfus goes shopping for baby on page 123 and Charlotte Bingham contributes a rueful account of expectant motherhood on page 116. Then turn to page 140 for good news on beauty care during pregnancy by Evelyn Forbes

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GOING



PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Little Ship Club Dinner, Park Lane Hotel, 22 January. (Details, CEN 7729.)

Australia Club Dinner, the Dorchester, 27 January. (Details, WHI 2399.)

Winter Ball, the Dorchester, 10 February. (Tickets, £3 3s. from Mrs. Maurice Macmillan, 8 Hurlingham Court, S.W.6. REN 4782.)

Royal Ocean Racing Club Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, 10 February. (Details, HYD 5252.)

Ladybird Ball, Savoy, in aid of the Pestalozzi Village, 17 February. (Tickets, £3 3s., from the Organizer, 29 Lissenden Mansions, Lissenden Gardens, N.W.5. GUL 4352.)

Hunt Balls: Cowdray, Cowdray House, Midhurst, 22 January. **Hampshire**, Guildhall, Winchester, 29 January. **Royal Agricultural College Beagles**, Bingham Hall, Cirencester; N.

Warwickshire, Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, 5 February. **Vine**, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 26 February. **Point-to-point: United Services**, Larkhill, Salisbury Plain, 20 February.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Plumpton, today; Lingfield Park, 22, 23; Warwick, Catterick Bridge, 23; Wolverhampton, 25; Folkestone, 27; Wincanton, 28; Windsor, 29, 30; Doncaster, Sedgefield, 30 January.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Swan Lake*, tonight and 26, 27, 30 January, 7.30 p.m., 30 January, 2.15 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Madama Butterfly*, 21 January, 2 February (last perfs.); *Rigoletto*, 22, 28 January (last perfs.); 7.30 p.m. *Arabella*, 29 January, 1, 3, 6 February, 7 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall, L.S.O., cond. Davis, 8 p.m., 1 February; L.P.O., cond. Boult, 8 p.m., 2 February; New Philharmonia, cond. Klemperer, 8 p.m., 3 February; L.S.O., cond. Hurst, 8 p.m., 4 February; Bach Choir (Vaughan Williams programme), 8 p.m., 5 February; B.B.C. Light Music programme, 7.30 p.m., 6 February. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *La Belle Hélène*, 20, 22 January, 3 February; *Hansel & Gretel*, 21 January; *The Flying Dutchman*, 23, 29 January (last perfs.); *Carmen*, 26 January, 4 February; *A Masked Ball*, 27, 30 January, 2 February. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.) **Royal Albert Hall**. L.P.O., cond. Moshe Atzmon, with Louis Kentner (piano), 7.30 p.m. 24 January. (KEN 8212.)

Wigmore Hall. Das Kleine Kammermusik Ensemble, 7.30 p.m., 27 January. (WEL 8418.)



Israeli conductor Moshe Atzmon, winner of the Liverpool International Competition for Conductors, will appear at the Royal Albert Hall on 24 January conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The soloist will be Louis Kentner

ART

Tate Gallery. The Peggy Guggenheim Collection, to 7 March.

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, Burlington House. Paintings from the Paul Mellon Collection, to 28 February.

Italian Art from the Queen's Collection, Buckingham Palace.

Anthony Atkinson, landscape paintings, Leighton House Gallery, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14, to 22 January.

Camargo, sculptures. Signals Gallery, 31 Wigmore St., to 28 January.

Bernard Dunstan, paintings, **Alfred Dehodencq**, drawings, **Paul Huet**, watercolours, Roland, Browse & Delbanco, Cork St., to 6 February.

William Hogarth Bicentenary Exhibition, British

Museum, to May.

Indian Painting Now. Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St., to 7 February.

John Lessore, paintings, Beaux Arts Gallery (last exhibition), to 19 February.

Modern French Painters, Madden Galleries, 69 Blandford St., W.1, to 2 February.

Peter Farmer, drawings, Mercury Gallery, Cork St., to 6 February.

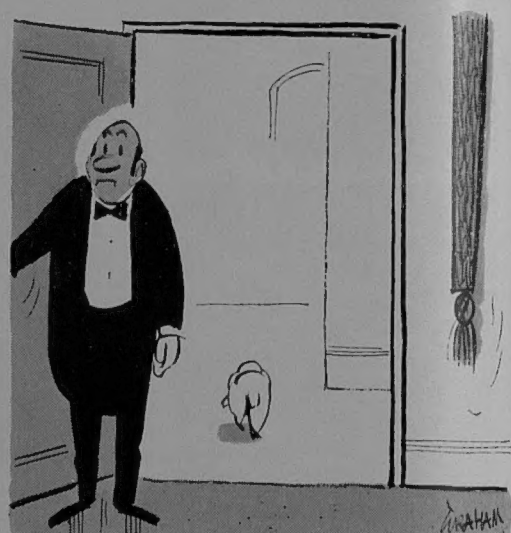
EXHIBITIONS

Holiday & Travel Exhibition, Olympia, to 30 January.

Racing Car Show, Olympia, 22-30 January.

W. B. Yeats & His Contemporaries (Centenary exhibition), British Museum, to March.

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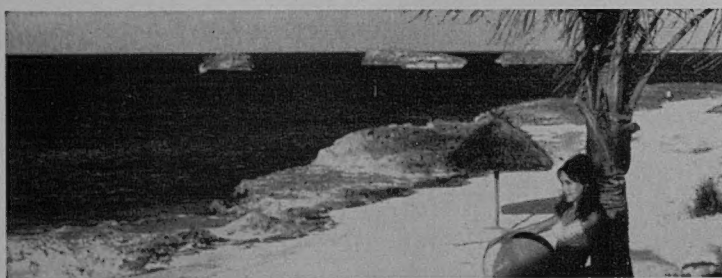
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Doone Beal / Touring in Tunisia

GOING PLACES

As you leave the city of Tunis, there is a signpost pointing east that reads: "Cairo, 3,000 miles." It inflicts a passing pinch of *envie* at the prospect of that drive along the North African coast, through Tripoli and Leptis Magna and Benghazi; and along the endlessness of desert road, *via* Alexandria. A trip that, for the record, would take about a week.

Yet of all the North African countries, Tunisia itself contains some of the most varied scenery and some of the best touring routes, along roads many of which were built by the Romans—and prudently maintained by the French. One can even reach the island of Djerba by road, along a rebuilt Roman causeway.

Saved for a future trip, so far as I am concerned, is the road north from Tunis to Bizerta, through the cork forests. Also Karouan, a medieval holy city about two hours' drive inland from Sousse; and the southern

oasis of Tozeur, where the summer temperatures top 100 deg., but which has an October to April season of comfortable heat and, I gather, a good resort hotel.

In August last year, I drove south from Tunis to Djerba, going direct one way and following the slower coast road back, *via* Mahdia and Monastir. The straight road from Sousse to Sfax by-passes the coast, plunging due south through landscape whose very monotony lends it a certain drama. For this is the first taste of the desert. Camels harnessed to primitive ploughs replace oxen and horses, and the only vegetation is the olive groves—mile upon mile of them, planted in serried rows between the road and the sea-shore. The other side of the road is desert scrub, bordered by table-topped mountains in the misty, peach-lit distance. What a road to travel at sunset!

The huge Roman amphitheatre that straddles the road



ABROAD

my driver was "depuis les Colonistes," accompanied by a truly Gallic spit out of the window.

Yet it was he who told me that Gabes is to be revived as a resort; it is too good to be allowed to sink into decay. And it has charm; the charm of a sleepy little tropical town whose streets are full of green-globe melons and piles of scarlet peppers; of straw markets, and fish left to stink and dry in the sun, of Berber women swaggering through the streets with their tight waists and brilliant skirts and massive silver jewellery.

One last place worth stopping at, for sheer curiosity value, is Medenine. Its loaf-shaped dwellings or *ghorfas* usually made from clay, date back to Roman times, for this was then one of the most important trading cities on the route from Djerba, itself a Roman (and originally a Greek) colony.

Djerba will probably get popular long before the rest of Tunisia is even known to the travelling public. It is a dreamy little island of white coral beaches, white village settlements and feather-cluster palms. The Ulysses Palace is among the most luxurious hotels in the whole of the Middle East; and it is, for once, rather a glory of contemporary concrete, set slap on the beach. The Aljazira is older, crummier and more friendly (as well as being cheaper, at around \$3 10s. for full pension). A great advantage here is a heated swimming pool for the early spring months when the sea looks warmer than it is. And their food is proper French, as opposed to the somewhat over-elaborate, international fare at the Ulysses.

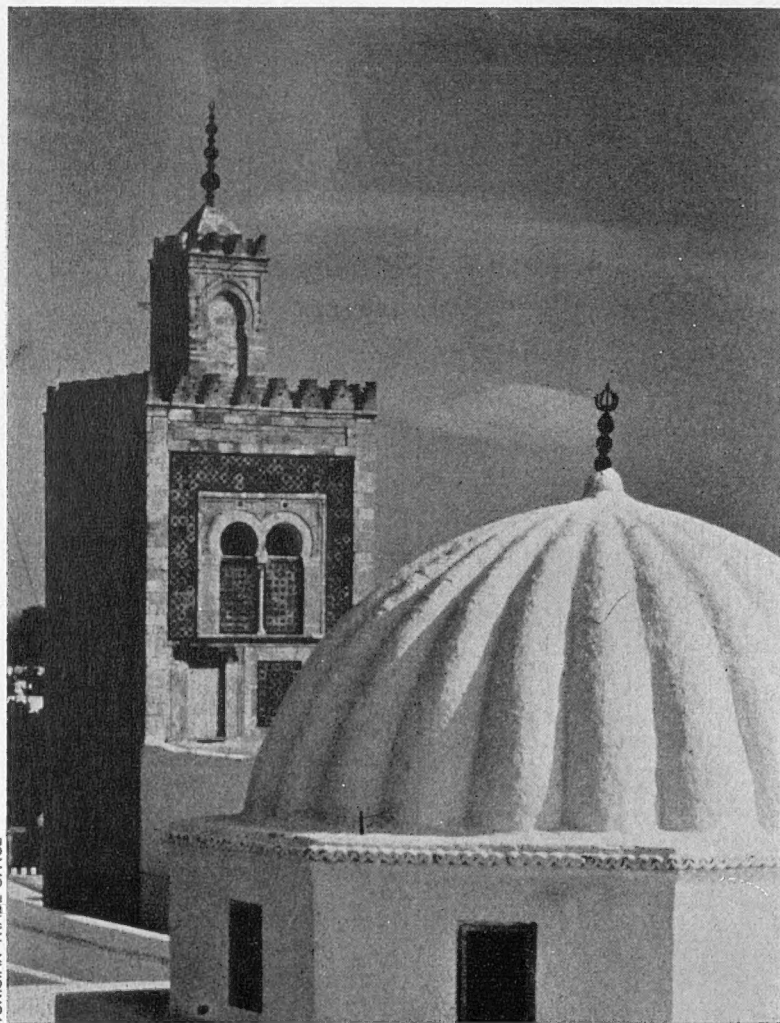
I noted the timings from Tunis to the island: Tunis/Hammamet, 1 hour. Hammamet/Monastir (a slight diversion) 1½ hours; Monastir/Sfax, 1½ hours; Sfax/Gabes, 2 hours. Gabes/Djorf (the car ferry point) 2 hours; or, on the Roman causeway, about 3 hours in all.

There are also Caravelle flights from Tunis to Djerba, a continuation of the London/Paris/Tunis run operated by Air France and Tunis Air. The 23 day excursion fare is £48 4s., available from April.

at El Djem, the ancient city of Thysdrus, is far more dramatic in its impact than anything to be seen in Carthage. Built to hold 30,000 spectators, it is second in size and importance only to the Colosseum in Rome and is, in fact, better preserved. The road continues straight through it, as though the theatre had been some kind of apparition, leaving behind a mystery. Nobody knows exactly why or when the surrounding city was built, and indeed nothing remains of it but this theatre.

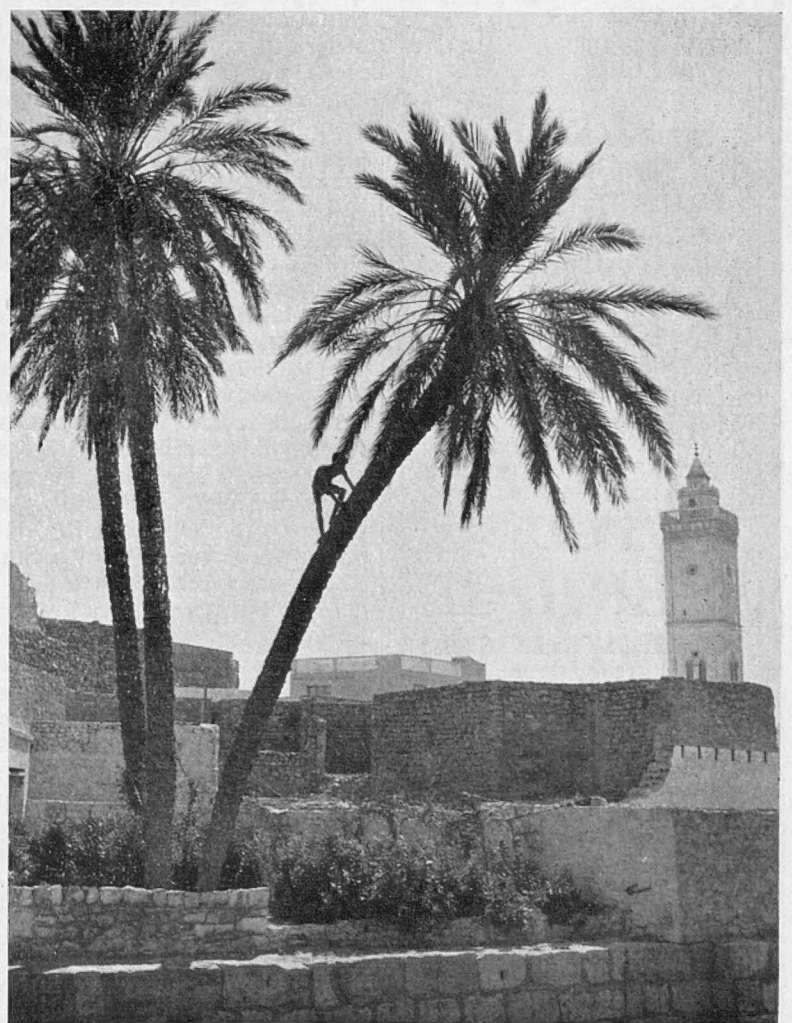
Sfax, in the middle of a rich delta, is the first of the staging points. The capital of the south, it is a city grown rich on its harbour and fishing, as well as on olives and almonds. In the middle of this lively provincial city, full of arcades and pavement cafés, is a Berber-fortified medina with red, crenellated walls. The digging that is going on around El Djem is slowly providing the museum with some fine Roman mosaics and sculpture. The chief hotel, Mabrouk Palace, is a hostelry of character; there are fairly comfortable bedrooms, but also excellent French provincial cuisine, coupled with a cool, leathery bar which is a travellers' haven indeed.

Gabes, about two hours' drive farther south, is an oasis city on the coast. Here, in mid-desert, is quite suddenly a tropical village that could be in the wilds of Martinique; settlements of thatched huts built on stilts, dense date and banana groves, and herds of goats being driven to the source to drink. In its (figuratively) palmier French Colonial days, Gabes was quite a fashionable watering place, and its nostalgia is entirely European. There are traces of an older elegance in its crumbling casino of a hotel and in the horse drawn carriages. Two shop signs told their own tale: "Au Petit Paris" and "Grande Epicerie des Alliés". It is not tactful to harp on the French associations; the answer to almost every question I asked



TUNISIAN TRADE OFFICE

The mosque at Karouan



Above left: Donkey and rider at the southern oasis of Tozeur where summer temperatures rise above 100 degrees. Above right: The Roman baths at Gafsa; Tunisia abounds in Roman ruins, many in an excellent state of preservation. Top: Arabs by a stream in the south of the country

GOING PLACES TO EAT

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Jacaranda, Walton House, Walton Street, S.W.3. (KEN 0075.) Open for luncheon Monday to Saturday inclusive. Dinner to midnight weekdays and 10 p.m. on Sundays. What used to be a well-known club on the Chelsea frontier has now reopened as a restaurant. Except that the large fireplace and mantelpiece remain, it has taken on a completely new look, that of the main room of a sunlit villa on the banks of, say, Lake Como or Garda. I liked particularly the tables in the balcony, the coloured cloths and tableware, and the unusual carafes. I chose a plain meal: the *pâté maison*, which was good, and a tender piece of veal done under the grill, with broccoli spears. I could have had a much more elaborate meal from a menu that is mainly Italian and makes a speciality of fish. The red Italian carafe wine made pleasant drinking, the coffee was good and the service attentive. The main courses are round about the 12s. 6d. mark, others in proportion. The welcome was most friendly and this restaurant, two minutes from Beauchamp Place and five from Harrods, should be useful to shoppers, as well as to local residents at night.

The Ranelagh, Ranelagh Grove, S.W.1. (SLO 2572.) Open Sundays. Quite new and worthy of high praise for its layout, decor, quality of food and courtesy. In charge are Mr. & Mrs. Teddy Broughton, who call this rebirth of the famous Ranelagh Rotunda of 160 years ago "the village pub in the heart of London." I wish some village pub-keepers of my acquaintance would look at it. The restaurant (i.e. the Kitchen & Pantry Bar) is graced by a rotating cold table, from which you help yourself for 10s. 6d., and it has a fine choice of viands. The bill of fare also includes a Sea Food Hot Pot at the same price, made from an 18th century recipe, and the Cook's Hot Casserole, which is varied from day to day. The helpings are of splendid proportions. There is a good cheese board and cold fruits. To drink there are Worthington, Tolly and Holstein beers on draught, port from the wood, draught sherries and wines by

the glass (2s. 6d.) or pitcher (from 14s. to 20s.). Coffee is well made. For a mug of mulled claret on a cold day the cost is 3s.

Book bargain: "A Gateway to Wine"

This book, published recently by Grants of St. James's, is not only a delight to the eye: it is most interesting reading and full of information for those who like drinking wines or using them in cooking. Iain Crawford and Elizabeth David are the principal contributors, with wine recipe photographs taken by Christian Délu of Paris, one of the world's finest photographers of food. The other illustrations are of high quality, as are the sketch maps: it is, in fact, in every way a book to buy and not to lend. To keep the price at 10s., the book is not being sold in bookshops, but in the hotels and shops associated with Grants (e.g. Victoria Wine and Tylers), or at 11s. 6d., postage paid, from Grants at 31 Bury Street, S.W.1.

Wine note: The champagne flows

With a hot summer, and

welcomeshowersin September, the news from Champagne is good. Mr. Maurice Buckmaster reports that "in both quality and quantity 1964 promises to be a very good year indeed." Britain continues to be a boom market for champagne. We bought £2,623,000 worth in the first half of 1964, £436,000 up on the same period of 1963, and £704,000 up on the same period of 1962. The total for Britain is the highest ever recorded and the rate of increase among the best for any country. Recently I tried the 1959 vintage Mercier Champagne, and can recommend it with confidence. Now on the market—the British agents are Jarvis Halliday—the price is 30s. 9d. per bottle. I enjoyed also the non-vintage extra dry at 28s. Mercier are now in the Syndicat de Grand Marques.

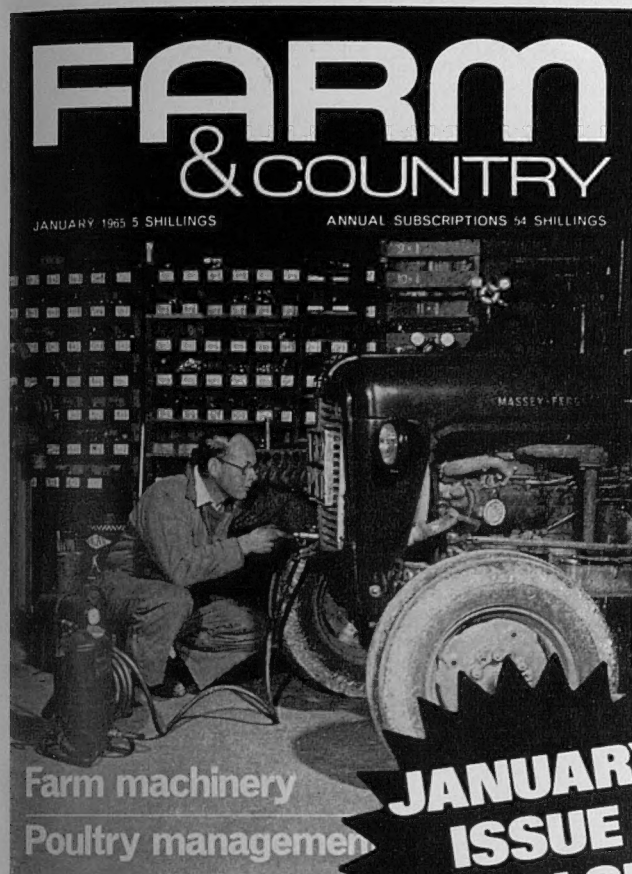
. . . and a reminder

Café Portugal, 40 Gerrard Street. (GER 0284.) The only Portuguese restaurant in London, and perhaps in Britain. Good, too, and not at all expensive. Dao Branco by the glass.



Dame Peggy Ashcroft addresses the 10th National Student Drama Festival at Southampton. The discussion in progress was called Where We've Been and Where We're Going; also taking part were (from left) Michael Kustow, publications writer of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre Club, Peter Hall, Director of the R.S.T.C. and Sunday Times writer Kenneth Pearson, the chairman. The Festival is mounted by the N.U.S. in association with the Sunday Times

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MILLIONAIRE POULTRY BREEDER. An article by Anne Bayler about Jack Eastwood's egg and broiler enterprises, with pictures of one of his units.

POULTRY AS A CROP FOR ARABLE FARMS. Mr. Ted Kirkwood brings poultry into his crop rotation scheme at Carr Farm, Withersea, Yorkshire.

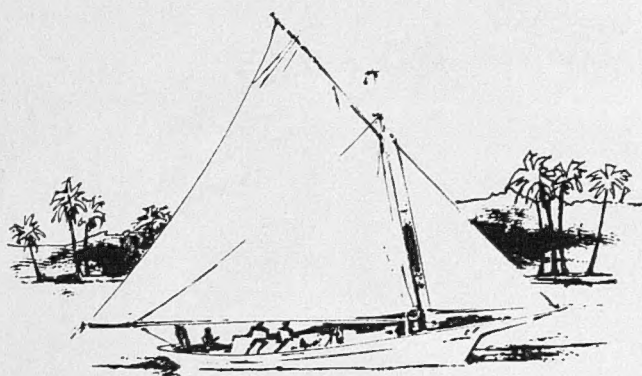
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AT HOME IN THE COUNTRY

Lady Davina Kleinwort lives at Wallhurst Manor, Cowfold, Sussex, with her two children, Richard, 4, and Marina, 2. Wife of banker Mr. Kenneth Kleinwort, Lady Davina is the daughter of the Earl & Countess of Cottenham. Muriel Bowen writes about modern wives overleaf, with more pictures of mothers and their children. See also this week's fashion section, page 126 onwards



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PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY SWAEBE

THE ADVENTUROUS YOUNG WIVES

BY MURIEL BOWEN

One plain fact of the 60s is that young wives are no longer content just to stay home and have babies. For example, 18 months ago Mr. & Mrs. RUPERT LYCETT GREEN roughed it across quite a slice of the world as a delayed honeymoon. Mrs. Lycett Green is the only daughter of Mr. John Betjeman, and the Hon. Mrs. Betjeman. More recently, readers of a London evening paper were regaled with LADY ANTONIA FRASER's accounts of riding over the African desert. Since then other young marrieds have set out on some no less ambitious trips.

Last week I chatted to Mrs. FRED BARKER, Lady Mancroft's pretty daughter, about the three months' journey she and her husband made to India by Land-Rover and from which they recently flew home.

NOT EVEN A PUNCTURE

"In Persia we stopped overnight at little villages that had mud walls and were partly fortified," Mrs. Barker told me. "They looked like something straight out of the Bible."

The Barkers' Land-Rover had bunks, a Primus stove and lots of tinned fruit, and though they stayed at an hotel about once a week, basically the Land-Rover was home. "Fred went to the factory and learned all about the chassis before we left—and I decided to keep well out of everything that went wrong!" As things turned out they didn't even have a puncture.

LAUNDRY SURPRISE

In many ways they found the service to travellers extraordinarily good. Laundry given to a chambermaid in the morning at a succession of hotels was always returned crisply ironed by the late afternoon. (English hotels please note.) "The only mistake we made was to have laundry done in Benares. They went and washed our things in the Ganges."

At each stop there was something new and exciting to see ("we think people miss so much always going by jet"). At Isfahan they walked round the famous Lutfullah mosque with its shining yellow dome. In Kashmir they

1 Mrs. Anthony Bedford, of Warren Lodge, Guildford, with her year-old son, James

2 Mrs. Harold Lever, of Eaton Place, S.W.1, with her youngest daughter, eight-month-old Isobel. Her husband is Labour M.P. for the Cheetham Division of Manchester

3 Mrs. Jimmy Miesegaes, of Queen's Elm Square, Chelsea, with her 11-month-old daughter, Lucinda Nell. Mrs. Miesegaes is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Halford, who live in Hampshire. Her husband is a banker

4 The Countess of Brecknock, of Chelsea Square, S.W.3, at the christening of her daughter, Lady Samantha Pratt. The Earl of Brecknock is the son and heir of Marquess Camden

5 Mrs. William Weatherall, of Monks Pool, Meppershall, Bedfordshire, with her four-year-old twin daughters, Clare and Annabell. Mrs. Weatherall is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Denis Russell



TOM HUSTLER

abandoned the Land-Rover for a houseboat, and in Darjeeling they were guests of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar. On their return a family thrill awaited them. Their 18-month-old son, Grant, had learned to walk while they were away.

FOR THE CEDARS

Some weeks ago friends in California invited me—as their guest—to what they described as "the biggest fundraising dinner ever to be held in the United States." Unfortunately I could not go, but in view of the claims made about the dinner I have researched a few facts on the Californian affair that may interest chairmen of English charity balls and dinners.

Twelve hundred guests paid £900 each for their tickets. There were famous entertainers like JACK BENNY and DANNY KAYE. The dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel was modest though adequate. The main course consisted of two slices of roast beef, potatoes and *petit pois*.

What must have been the most expensive dinner ever eaten was the high social spot in a drive towards raising £10 million for an extension to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. This is the hospital in which actor Peter Sellers recovered from his heart

attack in Hollywood last year.

RACING AND POLITICS

It was a godsend to the devotees of "the flat" that the wedding of the Hon. RICHARD STANLEY and Miss SUSAN AUBREY-FLETCHER took place half-way between one flat racing season and the next (see pictures on page 110). The reception became a massive exchange of horse news. Mr. SELWYN LLOYD, M.P. looked nonplussed as beautifully dressed women discussed horses.

The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. JOHN AUBREY-FLETCHER, the Metropolitan magistrate, & Mrs. AUBREY-FLETCHER, was the fourth generation of her family to marry at the Guards Chapel.

BUT NO SPEECHES

The reception at the Savoy was a brew of racing and politics. There was Mr. IAIN MACLEOD, M.P., one of the few able to hold his own on both subjects; COL. the Hon. FREDDY CRIPPS wearing a tweed cape and top hat; SIR JOHN STEPHENSON, the judge, who is the bride's godfather; LADY SCHUSTER; the bridegroom's mother LADY STANLEY; the Hon. LADY EGERTON, CAPT. & Mrs. EDWARD AUBREY-FLETCHER; Mr. STAN MELLOR; the DUKE & DUCHESS OF RUTLAND; and Mr. DAVID GRIFFITHS, M.P. for Yorkshire's mining



BARRY SWAEBE



TOM HUSTLER



BARRY SWAEBE

Rother Valley and the bridegroom's pair in the House of Commons.

Only disappointment was among the tenants from the Aubrey-Fletchers' estate in Berkshire and the Stanley stud at Newmarket, who expected to hear some speeches. "But Richard and Sue said that they had heard such dreary speeches at weddings recently they just wouldn't have any," Mrs. Aubrey-Fletcher told me.

Mr. & Mrs. Stanley share an interest in horses and politics. Her first racehorse has been running with success over the sticks, and during the General Election she helped the campaign in South Battersea. They will make their home at the New England Stud at Newmarket and they have a flat in London. Before going to New York on her honeymoon, Mrs. Stanley had decorators turned loose on both!

WHERE WILL IT GO?

It was a feast for the memory as well as the eye when Mrs. PEGGY GUGGENHEIM's collection was the feature of a special evening reception at the Tate (see pictures on page 108). It looked even more marvellous in the cathedral-like interior of the Tate than it does in Mrs. Guggenheim's palazzo overlooking the Grand Canal in Venice.

Mrs. Guggenheim has not yet made up her mind where her art collection—said to be worth £2 million—will go after her death and, in consequence, she is passionately wooed by the directors of a score of galleries. In the past she has hinted that it may all come to Britain. One Picasso, bought for £3,000 in 1940, is now said to be worth £40,000.

The party to mark the exhibition was an after-dinner reception with SIR ROBERT ADEANE, as Chairman of the Friends of the Tate Gallery, acting as host. LORD & LADY OGILVY were there, also Mr. & Mrs. JACK STEINBERG; the HON. MRS. A. E. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE; and Miss JENNY LEE, M.P., easily picked out with her distinctive silvery grey hair. At one point I saw a half-dozen hands outstretched at once to greet SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN who did wonders for the Tate in his 26 years as director.

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PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

TO HONOUR A MISSING MUSEUM

To honour one of the most distinguished collections of modern art London has seen, the Friends of the Tate Gallery held an evening reception for several hundred guests drawn from the diplomatic and artistic worlds. Guest of honour was Mrs. Peggy Guggenheim to whom the collection belongs. She began to assemble pictures 25 years ago with the initial idea of forming a museum of modern art for London. With war looming London was unready to assimilate her conception and Mrs. Guggenheim finally housed the collection in her Venetian palazzo. Now London can see what it missed



1 Mrs. Peggy Guggenheim

2 Mrs. P. Allen, the hon. secretary, with Sir Robert Adeane, chairman of the Friends of the Tate Gallery, the organization responsible for the exhibition

3 Sir Colin & Lady Anderson. He is a member of the Council of the Friends of the Tate and a director of P. & O.-Orient Lines

4 Mr. Henry Moore, the sculptor, with Miss Jenny Lee, Parliamentary

Secretary, Ministry of Works, widow of Mr. Aneurin Bevan

5 Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Keith. He is a banker, and member of the Neddie committee

6 Lady Ogilvy, wife of Lord Ogilvy, eldest son of the Earl of Airlie

7 Lady Gladwyn, wife of the former British Ambassador to Paris, with the Hon. Sir Steven Runciman, art historian and a trustee of the British Museum

8 Mr. Alan Power with Lady Horrocks, artist wife of Lt. Gen. Sir Brian Horrocks

A WEDDING IN THE BARRACKS

Five children attended Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Aubrey-Fletcher, of Chilton, near Aylesbury, when she married the Hon. Richard Stanley, M.P., of New England House, Newmarket, Suffolk. He is the second son of the late Lord Stanley and of Lady Stanley, of Forest Lodge, Bracknell, Berkshire, and brother of the Earl of Derby. The wedding was in the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks, and a reception was held at the Savoy





1 The bride and groom cut the cake. He is Joint-Treasurer of the Tory party

2 The Countess of Dartmouth

3 Lady John Manners, sister-in-law of the Duke of Rutland

4 Lady Henrietta Spencer Churchill, one of the five attendants

5 Mr. & Mrs. John Aubrey-Fletcher, the bride's parents, receiving Earl Fortescue

6 Mr. Selwyn Lloyd with his daughter Joanna

7 Mrs. Martin Summers

8 The Earl of Sunderland and David Waterhouse, grandsons of the Duke of Marlborough



A WEDDING AT THE TOWER



Miss Rosamond Barratt, daughter of Captain G. A. Barratt, R.N. (rtd.) & Mrs. Barratt, of Lechmere, Hatherop, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, was married to Mr. Robert Bennett, only son of Mr. & Mrs. T. Gerald Bennett, of Boylett's, Horsell, Surrey, in the Chapel Royal of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London. The reception was held at the Royal Fusiliers Officers Mess



1 Mrs. Russell Hanson, whose daughter Sarah was a bridesmaid, Mrs. T. Gerald Bennett, the bridegroom's mother, and the bride's father, Captain G. A. Barratt, R.N. (rtd.)

2 Mrs. Peter Wade with Mr. & Mrs. Charles Charlton-Jones

3 Mrs. Henry Buxton, Mr. David Thomas and his fiancée, Miss Christina Cadbury

4 Mr. & Mrs. Richard Tarling

5 The bride and groom with bridesmaid Sarah Hanson and page Toby Vincent.

The Yeoman Warders were Mr. Leslie Varley and Mr. Geoffrey Gavey

6 Mr. Charles Beard and Miss Jane Bridge

7 Mr. & Mrs. David O'Neill



PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSLER

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LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

BY JESSIE PALMER

The Barony of Strange, a title of the Dukes of Atholl that has been in abeyance since the death of the 9th Duke (Lord James Stewart Murray), in 1957, has recently been revived. The title of Lord Strange has now passed to Mr. John Drummond of Megginch Castle, Perthshire. This title was formerly associated with the sovereignty of the Isle of Man, and Lord & Lady Strange now have an estate there on which they intend to live eventually, handing over the Scottish estates to a trust. "We have been going over for short periods during the past three or four years," Lady Strange told me, "but it will probably be at least a year before we move there permanently."

Lady Strange came to Megginch when she was married 37 years ago, and admits that she will miss it though, she tells me, the climate in the Isle of Man suits her husband much better. "It suits my dog too!" she says.

Their Manx estate includes a hotel in which they live on their visits to the island. They plan to make "some kind of flat" in it for themselves eventually. Lord Strange is novelist John Drummond. His talent has been inherited by his daughter, Mrs. Humphrey ap Evans of Pitfour Castle, who has already published several novels under the name of Cherry Evans.

A BALL FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Montrave, the Fife home of Sir John & Lady Gilmour, was the setting recently for the very happy Fife Pony Club Ball. About 140 youngsters and what Lady Gilmour neatly calls "the older young" (ranging from about 11 to the mid-20's) spent an energetic evening in the enormous drawing room that accommodates 200 dancers in comfort.

There was an informal, country house party atmosphere with members of the committee doing all the supper catering—quite a feat with so many healthy appetites. This is the first time the ball has been held at Montrave though Sir John & Lady Gilmour have always taken a very active interest in its affairs, and many of the club's other activities—including camps

and gymkhanas—have been held there.

This is a busy time of the year for the Gilmours, with the Fife Hunt Club Ball (Sir John is a joint-Master of the Fife Hunt) hard on the heels of the Pony Club Ball. Then they're looking forward to the return of their eldest son—also John—in April. He has been in New Zealand and Australia for the past 18 months and is at present working on a cattle station in Western Queensland. "It's all good experience," Lady Gilmour remarked. "He hopes to farm in this country eventually."

A FAMILY REUNION

The recent holiday season has been a particularly happy one for Viscount & Viscountess Weir who live at Montgreenan, Kilwinning, Ayrshire, for their first grandchild made her appearance only five days before Christmas and, with admirable *sang-froid*, flew down from Inverness-shire with her mother on Christmas Eve to celebrate her first festive season with her grandparents.

The baby—to be called Juliet Anne—is the daughter of Lord & Lady Weir's second son, the Hon. Douglas Weir, who is making a name for himself as a naturalist and ornithologist. He and his wife are awaiting the completion of their new house, now being built on Speyside, not far from Aviemore. The third son in this very talented family, the Hon. George Weir, is studying for his D.Sc. at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Debutante daughter Janet was expected home the next morning from New York where she has been staying over the Christmas season with Mrs. Edward Hutton on Long Island. She is studying at a finishing school in Switzerland. Though she won't be 18 till April, Janet "came out" in New York's short Christmas season but her mother has plans for further gaieties for her this year. She will have a cocktail dance at Lady Iliffe's London residence in April, and in September she and Mrs. J. O. MacAndrew's daughter, Amanda, will share a coming-out ball at Montgreenan. Meanwhile Janet goes quietly back to Switzerland.

FLYING FLYING FLOWN



- 1 Mr. Lee Hudson for whom the auction marked an end and a beginning
- 2 Mrs. G. R. Pike (left), a friend of the aviary, with Mrs. Hudson
- 3 Auctioning the Imperial Eagle, the rarest bird in Germany. It fetched the highest price of the sale
- 4 Beady-eyed splendour: a North African Female Bateleur eagle
- 5 Parakeets, unmoved by the wintry weather
- 6 Two Canadian geese and, in the background, the Pilgrim goose with which they shared a pen
- 7 Exotic pheasants might almost be waiting to see the dentist
- 8 The Pilgrim goose seems above it all really

On the coldest day of the winter, temperatures slipping well below zero, in a flurry of feathers and to a background of beaky chatter 200 tropical birds fell under the auctioneer's hammer. The birds seemed happy enough in the icy air—it was their third winter in this country—happier than the red-nosed, blue-lipped customers and visitors. But birds have a fascination that negates physical discomfort and the crowd patiently followed the auctioneer from cage to cage for several hours.

The birds, plus their flying cages and all equipment, were the last of 500 being disposed of at Mr. Lee Hudson's Birdhaven Zoo at Great Brickhill near Bletchley. But the sale did not mark the end of his three-year experiment with an aviary; it was rather a considered pause before embarking on a more ambitious project.

Lessons learned were those of economy, geography and commercial flair. The aviary started in a homely way, says Mr. Hudson. He bought a pair of birds for his young wife and after a few years their flat had a bird population of more than 200. Space was the problem but the Hudsons wouldn't solve it by getting rid of the surplus; instead they wanted more and bigger birds. An aviary seemed the answer.

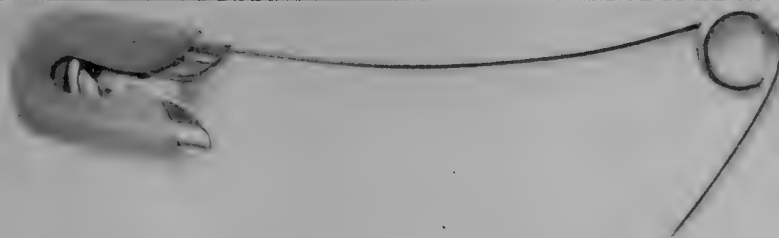
On paper it looked quite simple; a site midway between London and Coventry and an average of 100,000 visitors a year should mean success. They achieved a yearly average of 30,000 visitors (adults: 3s. 6d.; children over five 1s. 6d.). Buying at a high price had its lessons too. Says Mr. Hudson: "Zoos without subvention are a very competitive business. You have to get bigger or get out."

So, not discouraged, bigger he intends to get, with a site south of London, a larger collection of birds (he leaves for Africa and South America soon), a children's fairground, and, most important, much experience to cash-in on.

The auction was, though, sad in a way and the onlookers received an insight into the commercial value of birds: the Imperial Eagle (dangerous but not the most impressive) fetched more than £100; a pair of Green Wing Macaws made £45, and the tiny Napoleon Weaver from Africa went for 15s.

Photographs by ROMANO CAGNONI





Yours maternally

There's one thing to be said about having a baby, it's not something you can take lightly. You can't just joke it off. You may be dying to be dead cool about the whole thing, but once everyone else knows you're pregnant they will stop at nothing to make you see the seriousness of the whole business. Say: "Babies are serious" several times to yourself in the bathroom, and you'll really believe it.

Gone, it seems, are the days when ladies remained in blissful ignorance about the technicalities of childbirth, and simply stopped waltzing for half-an-hour to have their bundle in the Cloaks. All is changed: every calm exterior hides a frustrated midwife, and a televised confinement is top viewing.

All this enlightenment may be a good thing, but the young mother-to-be finds that her labour pains are no longer her own. Even taxi drivers will give her the low down on how to control her breathing—all very well if you happen to know one end of an umbilical cord from the other, but very daunting if, like me, pregnancy merely suggests to you a vague aura of boiling kettles and flying storks.

Joyous as you may be at the thought of burbling bottles, nappy services, and two o'clock feeds, the first introduction to maternity can be very disillusioning. To begin with, till you've paid your first visit to the clinic you're quite convinced that you are the first woman who has ever had a baby. Not only are you the first but at six weeks you expect the gynaecologist to pass out on the floor at your size. A quick glance round the waiting-room reminds you brutally that humanity can be relied upon to reproduce itself without your assistance and that, far from being the largest lady in the room, you look as if you've been put out at the wrong floor.

If you're determined to master Motherhood it helps not to be a coward. I am a coward. From an early age the mention of an aspirin has been enough to send me on a ten-mile bicycle ride. Even the outside of a hospital makes me feel distinctly wobbly. The first day at the clinic,

however, I was determined to impress with my courage. Manfully I controlled the trembling of all my limbs, and pretended I knew that blood pressure wasn't something to do with a car. When I finally emerged I had sweated off a stone, and lost a few teeth when I insisted on biting on a leather strap to have my blood sample taken. The nurses were very understanding, but I swear I saw one of them attach a white feather to my file when I went out. Still I comforted myself in the taxi home that I hadn't actually dropped *dead* from fright.

The terror of Clinic Day wears off, but new terrors soon replace it. After a few desperate struggles to keep the wrong things in and leave the right things out, maternity clothes become a howling necessity. "Way-out" maternity clothes are what I need I told my husband. He quite understood, so long as I was way-out on someone else's cheque book. I returned home three hours later flushed with triumph bearing with me a mod evening dress. Very cosy, said my husband, it was obviously cut not only to accommodate me and the child, but him as well. No, he didn't think pale maroon was my colour, nor did he think that two full-blown roses did much for my bust. So back went the dress, bearing with it all my lost dreams of a mod pregnancy.

Once safely ensconced in your maternity clothes, you begin to feel a new woman. Now is the time, you say to yourself firmly, to be *serene*. Everyone knows that women go about looking serene when they're pregnant. For several evenings before a party you practise looking dignified and proudly pregnant in front of the mirror. The result of your forethought, however, is that you trip over your dress, and get a hot flush after one gin.

Not only that, but kindly ladies introduce you to young mothers who are due to produce twins the following day, but never have to buy maternity clothes; they propose to deliver the twins themselves, preferably standing at a bus stop. They give you books and tell you what fun birth can be. One glance at these books,

with accompanying photographs of mothers reading magazines as their children are born, sends you spinning across the other side of the room.

On the other side of the room stands Great Aunt Mildred, eager to lend you the six-foot-four poster cot in which all the family have been cooed over. She happens to have kept it conveniently rotting in her basement. Unless to yell: "But I wanted that white Spanish Laundry basket from 'Casa Mamma' to rock my infant in." Great Aunt Mildred must have her way, or she won't give baby a perfectly useless gold-plated christening spoon for his first birthday.

You move dismally on to a group of gawky chattering bachelors and their birds, and immediately a scared hush comes over the conversation. The bachelors back away as though pregnancy were contagious, while the birds leap about fetching you bitter lemons. After trying no they can't get you anything several times you're left firmly sitting by yourself on the sofa and everybody peers at you anxiously from time to time as if afraid that you may blow up at any moment.

Iron pills, olive oil, exercises—as the months roll on you're left wondering what you used to do all day. Books on Child Psychology, Pre-Natal, Ante-Natal, Middle-Natal and Fatal-Natal care pile up by your bedside. You roll gallantly on floors in company with other mammas and listen to wildly embroidered stories about the day the disposable nappies refused to dispose and nobody could get a plumber till Tuesday. Has the romance gone out of Childbirth you ask yourself? Perhaps you and pregnancy are incompatible: bogged down by 94 bottles of free orange juice you may well feel you are. Take courage. At the end of it all you will have a beautiful red wrinkled baby exactly like everyone else's beautiful red wrinkled babies, and you'll be convinced that not since the first Creation was there anything quite so wonderful.

Charlotte Bingham



Who ? rides in Rotten Row

Michael Farr does, for one. The small community with which he rides finds an early morning haven amid the bustle of contemporary London. Peter Rand took the pictures

For the few hundred of us who ride in Rotten Row one of the greatest pleasures is a quiet feeling of triumph that we still somehow succeed in riding there at all. The odds against us are rising daily. Bits of the Row and of the Northern ride have been chopped off for so-called "Hyde Park improvements" near Hyde Park Corner and Speakers' Corner and parts of the surroundings have been sacrificed to car parks. Traffic, though still the most considerate in the world to horses, is becoming more difficult. One wonders what the

Duke of Wellington thinks as he looks down from his horse on riders seemingly drowning in an ocean of cars and buses. Hyde Park Barracks—or Knightsbridge Barracks as some call it—the home of the Household Cavalry, where some of us use the indoor school for dressage, is doomed to be pulled down to make way for a skyscraper. This will deprive us of the last indoor school in the middle of London except the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace. (Continued overleaf)

The Household Cavalry tell me that though they are sorry for sentimental reasons to say goodbye to the old Hyde Park Barracks they are looking forward to having modern quarters. Present accommodation has become hopelessly inadequate for men with families. I am glad that a plan to put the Officers' Mess on the top of the skyscraper has been abandoned. It will, I am told, be on the lower floor, with a view over Rotten Row. It contains some of the finest paintings and drawings in London including portraits of the Royal Family, a Munnings painting of a drum horse and a painting of a general's dog that fought at Waterloo. One of the most pleasant sights in the Row is that of the Household Cavalry's three drum horses, Alexander the Great, a 15-year-old piebald, Hannibal a skewbald and a new young skew, Horatius, which has only just settled down after years of playing up whenever the drums rolled.

As well as using the Row for their squadron rides, officers exercise there with their own private horses which they are allowed to keep at the barracks.

Colonel Darley is frequently out with his two hunters. Until recently Major the Hon. Ben Wilson, of the Blues, had a grey which he was training in circus tricks.

We are all sorry to hear that there will be no Household Cavalry rehearsals in the Row this year. They are giving up their musical ride at the Royal Tournament. The rehearsals, with full musical accompaniment, have long been the main attraction in our "village." The Whitehall planners have apparently established in some strange way that the musical ride brings in fewer recruits than certain other Tournament items. It will be dropped for a year or two and when it is then brought back the organizers hope it may have a bigger impact.

But we still have the pleasure of watching Corporal Major Ferrie turning volunteers into Horse Guards. I once remarked to one of the Cavalry that their style and that of the mounted police (who are often better riders) seemed less polished than the Cadre Noir at Saumur. I was informed with great emphasis that, in the British view, most foreigners on horses think so much about how they look that they forget what they are doing and train their horses in

(Continued on page 121)

Right: A mounted policeman patrolling the Row. **Above right:** Mr. Richard Barnett, manager of the Civil Service Riding Club, with two of his members, Mr. Caurth from Trinidad and Mr. Quentin-Jones. **Centre right:** The Household Cavalry return from the Row. Their exercise with about 60 horses is a frequent early morning sight. **Far right:** An officer from the Knightsbridge Barracks









haute école to such an extent that they behave like performing dogs.

Mr. Terry-Thomas enjoys a ride in the Row but so far I have not seen Mr. Jimmy Edwards. We have a fair sprinkling of pretty young girl riders, most of them keener and braver than the young men. Some of the best dressed riders are visitors from the Commonwealth. One, a Trinidadian, recently put us all to shame by buying a special riding jacket, breeches and hat to come to the Row.

To many Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders and Americans a ride in the Row is the high point of their visit to London. Miss Dixon recalls that King George V used to ride there regularly at 8 a.m. One wonders why some of the younger members of the Royal Family do not still ride there. It would give great encouragement to those who use the Row, and it might be the one thing that could thwart those who are clamouring for its conversion into a car park.

Though as a club member I can ride for 10s. an hour, rising costs are adding to our difficulties. A suitable horse may be £200 against the £150 of two years ago. Oats and bran have tripled in price and hiring for those who are not club members now ranges from 15s. to 25s. an hour (without great profit to the owners). Livery is from £6 to £7 a week without shoeing and veterinary bills. Stables near the Park are vanishing as leases run out. Mine are in a charming mews in Kensington, the only stables in London, probably in the world, where the horses live on the first floor, reached by a spiral "staircase" of cobble stones. Neighbours complain constantly that the whole place smells like a farmyard, though in fact it reeks of petrol fumes.

Mr. Robert Barley, son of a job master and himself one of the remaining few, has had to move his stables three times in seven years. Now, in Elvaston Mews, he manages with 14 horses and ponies, with the help of Miss Dickie Dixon. Altogether there are not more than half-a-dozen stables in the whole Hyde Park area and none seems to be making a great fortune.

What is perhaps more serious than rising costs and shrinking accommodation is that "authority," the Government and Whitehall generally, seems to be more and more (Continued overleaf)

Left: Mr. Richard Barnett, manager of the Civil Service Riding Club which uses the Row regularly. **Far left:** Miss Hilary McNeil, one of the club's 150 members, on her own three-year-old

Top left: The indoor riding school at the Knightsbridge Barracks, soon to be demolished. Mr. Barnett runs the dressage class there. **Top right:** Miss Dickie Dawson who helps Mr. Robert Barley run his stable of 14 horses and ponies in Elvaston Mews

hostile, and to accept the notion that Lord Glendevon recently complained of, that to get on a horse is to be snobbish.

So by the time we reach the Row we feel we have achieved the well-nigh impossible. We are tremendously rewarded. Many of us prefer to go in the dawning hours. Mist usually hides unpleasant skyscrapers and cranes, and once in the Park the traffic's roar sinks to a distant rumble, scarcely audible above the cries and flutterings of the birds on the Serpentine. In neighbouring streets soon after 7 a.m. the Royal coach and the Windsor greys are usually out for a practice run with many of the riders from the Queen's Household and with the Household Cavalry regimental exercise, usually of 60 horses.

Central London then becomes our village and Rotten Row and its surroundings a private country estate. It has its "village square" at the Bowling Green end, its village characters and village gossip.

My favourite among the regulars is Mr. Richard Barnett, manager of the Civil Service Riding Club, which has 150 members using the Row and the magnificent jumping paddock behind Kensington Palace. Lean, keen-eyed, pink-cheeked, Dick Barnett looks as he canters through the Park on his black gelding The Quiet Man as if he might still be out with the Pytchley where he rode years ago.

Riding with him on the club's magnificent-

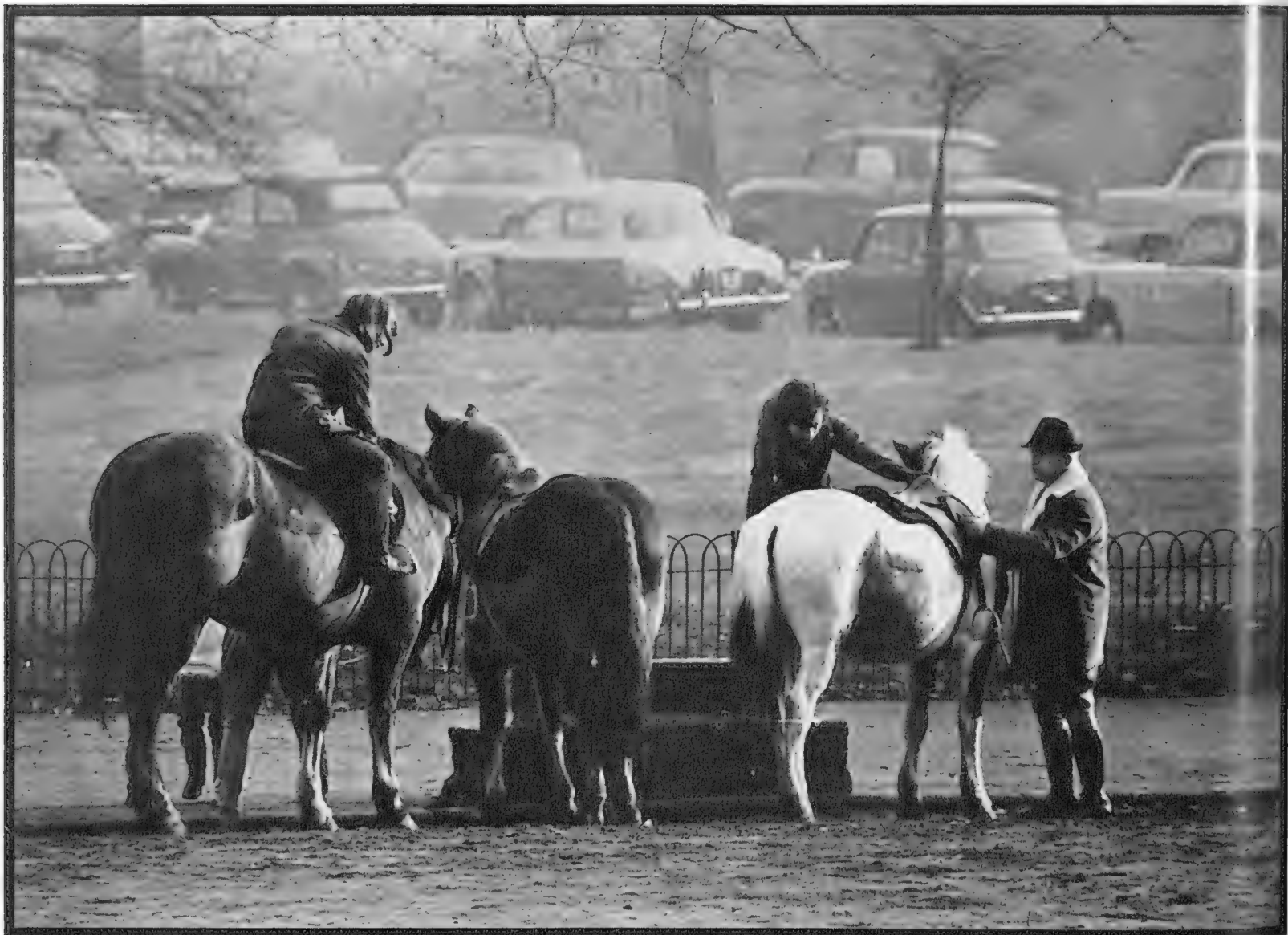
ly kept horses are Civil Servants from practically every Whitehall department, many of whom join as associate members: doctors, nurses, radiographers, policemen, journalists, lawyers, stockbrokers, secretaries, actors, diplomats and a fair sprinkling of tourists. Mr. Barnett deplors the tendency nowadays for young people to ride hatless and in jeans. He insists that people using his club's horses wear a hard hat and riding breeches or jodhpurs. Many are excellent riders, and the club, which is under the presidency of Sir Dennis Proctor, is rapidly expanding so that it will soon need a branch headquarters in the country. The Duke of Beaufort recently complimented the club on the condition of their horses at a White City competition.

The burning topic of conversation among most of us is the need for a riding centre near Rotten Row. Mr. Barnett and at least 200 others feel the Government, or some public-spirited people with money to spare, should help to convert the old Magazine, between the Serpentine and the North Ride. It would be large enough for indoor and outdoor schools, dressing rooms and stables. "London," says Mr. Barnett, "is one of the few places with a magnificent ride like Rotten Row right in the middle. To ensure that it is fully used we need a proper centre for the horses. We are all sure it would be as successful for riders as the Serpentine is for swimmers or the green

for the bowlers. At present the Magazine is used for storing munitions but we assume this problem could be solved."

Not long ago, in that part of the Row opposite the Hyde Park Barracks, Mr. John Woollam, Conservative M.P. for West Derby, managed to persuade the Ministry of Works to build a jumping paddock. It was opened by Derek Broome after a serenade of mounted trumpeters, and bore a plaque commemorating one of the most famous riders in the Row, Sir Walter Gilbey. Alas, in a matter of weeks it became clear that this was not quite what was needed. Some riders objected to having to pay 2s. 6d. every time they used it; others thought the jumps unsuitable.

In vain many of us pleaded that it should be replaced by small fixed obstacles including, perhaps, one of the Row's elm trees when the time comes to chop it down. Such simple facilities are available for riders in Paris at the Bois de Boulogne and in several other capitals. But in London they are apparently thought to be a public danger. The enclosure without the jumps which Dr. Kay, who has stables in Cromwell Road, and his daughter used until recently to give lessons for children, is now being torn down. Thus ends the first experiment of its kind in the Park since the Duke of Gloucester's Riding House was built in 1768.



Tranquil scene of mounting and dismounting against a background of London traffic, still the most courteous in the world to riders

FINDING THINGS FOR A BABY IS ONE OF THE FEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEYS THAT SURVIVE THE KNOCKING TEST OF EXPERIENCE. THIS IN ITSELF IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE AND MORE ARE TO COME, WRITES DRUSILLA BEYFUS, WHO HOLDS THAT ON ONE LEVEL THE WHOLE BUSINESS OF PREGNANCY CAN BE RECALLED IN



THE REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS BOUGHT

Whereas I found the business of getting maternity clothes an anti-climax (the best one could hope for was to look one's second-best) the search for baby equipment was oddly satisfying. Perhaps the generally cool and brusque atmosphere in which women have their babies today has something to do with an addiction to making purchases. At a time when England expects every woman who is pregnant to behave as if nothing had happened the shopping act is one of the few permissible instances when she can indulge in old-fashioned whims and fancies. What a luxury it is amid the prevailing seriousness and uncertainties of life to pause and weigh up the comparative merits of issues so absurdly specialized. Would it be better to buy blue and white, just in case, or should you play safe and choose all white? Why not a silver mug for milk? The char would never smash it. What about the colour scheme for the nursery? Do baby boys really look their best in raspberry pink denim or would it be better to stick to trad? Perhaps I should have said so first; the familiar shopping expedition for other people's progeny is, however enjoyable in its own right, not to be confused with the deeply personal mission of choosing for your own. It may be regrettable that human nature is so unplumbably egocentric. But in maternity what makes the difference is that it happens to you.

The sheer eye-appeal of the baby menage, both human and still-life effects, is one of the rewards of parenthood. There are, of course, countless nursery moments notable for their diminished aesthetic content. But the fair scene is for flashing on the inward eye. The detail—so much lies in minutiae—of the crib, the cot, the arrangement of the child's room, the pram, the wardrobe, contributes to the visual image. To particularize; I feel there is a lot to be said for the wickerwork cribs that can be fitted with a quilted soft lining. The inside layer pops on and off, and can be washed and dried easily and needs only a light press. Few children's rooms are not improved by the addition of a small child's chair. The seating arrangement makes appropriate furnishing for the room until the owner is old enough to enjoy sitting in his own property. The chairs can be found made in basketwork or in wood or some parents prefer to put their money on Victoriana.

As for the decorative value of clothes, the under-threes now have a new branch of the industry geared to improve their natural looks, together with the unbeatable products of the old hands at the game. Among the decorative clothes that have given me the most pleasure to see are, first, diminutive silk vests worked by elderly Italian peasants ravishingly embroidered in rosebuds and worn on the angelic forms of the children of Italy; first-size bucket hats to go with mackintoshes on English stodges; dark tights with beatnikky sweaters on top for small boys; a party dress of ice-crisp organza laced with secret frills and furbelows and slotted in narrow satin ribbons on a one-year-old girl; scrappy white sunsuits for peachy-limbed infants; pull-on woollen hats in ski mood with flourishes on the top (imported; we don't seem to get them right here) for older babies. Beyond the acquisitions of indulgence, the practical issues become daily of greater relevance. So much of what you buy depends on the organization of life at home, and the question of help with the baby overshadows many decisions. More work can be created by a buy at the counter. Or chores can be consciously minimized. One young mother I know, who has no help with the children, resolved at the start that almost everything

Previous page:

Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. The great point about this store is that you can rattle through the entire shopping list under one roof—prams and booties and bibs. Moreover, the stock for each category is remarkably wide both for essentials and luxuries. Very good value for woollen things and dresses and coats. Look out for their selection of cots both trad and modern

Below:

The White House, 51 New Bond Street, W.1. This store is an unbeatable source of elegance, fine materials and exquisite craftsmanship. A baby bonnet, or a bib, or a shawl or a party dress from the White House reminds customers of the real meaning of quality. Prices are rarely less than high, but their things are made to last for nearly ever

Opposite page, top:

Elegance Maternelle, 198 Sloane Street, S.W.1, and



5 Thayer Street, W.1. This firm makes some of the best maternity clothes. The cut and the style of the clothes are indistinguishable from non-maternal dress, only here there is more of it. Their cocktail dresses and evening dresses are pretty. Baby clothes and baby equipment are also sold, mostly very French and chic. Look out for their unusually different and attractive ideas for baby boy clothes

Opposite page, below:

Small Wonder, 296 Kings Road, S.W.3. This is one of the successful new boutiques for children's clothes specializing in the off-beat. Here you can find all the gear for miniature mod kids, and very gay and bouncy some of the stock is too. The decor includes a super merry-go-round



she bought would be chuckable into the washing machine. She bought sleeping suits which popped on over the babies' underpinnings made in tubbable fabric; no ironing. The baby lived in them night and day. All cardigans and jersey and bonnets and shawls were in Orlon. Outdoor gear was a nylon track suit with a quilted lining—that went in with the rest. Her small girl wore Courtelle style winter dress and in summer when she was smaller she lived in white knife-pleated nylon dresses which dripped dry. This mother lived to do a lot of reading. Conventional English style dressing for babies has a staunch circle of admirers—the wardrobe is well thought out for climate and social conditions—but new ideas are breaking in. Some young parents are putting their infants in dark strong colours from the moment they can crawl. Beat-baby dress in chestnut browns, charcoal, blue-blacks and olive greens has something to be said for it both in terms of practicality and chic. It is still hard to find colours and the appropriate sporty cut for the clothes in the shops and one solution is to take to knitting. The best firm for wools for this job are Penguin Products, and for cut and style one cannot improve on *Vogue Knitting Book*. Note: Baby beatnik clothes are not for Nanny unless you sell-out and pick a pastel. Children's equipment with a built-in lease of life that goes beyond the nursery stage is appealing to parents who don't have too much room at home. For example, modern high chairs (like the Victorian ones) are made with the front tray designed to be folded over the back rest, turning the arrangement into a usable kitchen chair. A soft, pliable, Moses basket that can be gripped by the handles in one hand is a sound plan for transporting a baby. They can be bought ready lined in cotton gingham, and afterwards with the lining removed you have a carrier for shopping. A small cellular blanket can be more useful later than a fancy coverlet unmistakably hall-marked for a baby's use. One other small instance: a cereal-sized wooden dish with a two-handled wooden chopper makes adaptable equipment for preparing food on a non-tinned baby dinner day, and in addition the chopping equipment can be used later for ordinary cooking. The alternative of a mincing machine can be very wasteful of good food. An exceptionally good demonstration of this principle of adaptable design is a Danish wooden cot that becomes a sofa in its afterlife. The front gate is lifted off the cot and, there you have a useful little sofa, but it has not yet reached circulation in this country. I am reluctant to give the erroneous impression that all my enthusiasm is reserved for buying things for other people during pregnancy. I adored nothing so much as being given solid tokens of affection either in big or little boxes. But, if I could pick the time when I would choose above all else to be endowed with a present, I should select the low-ebb days just before the baby is due. One perfect rose then is certainly worth dozens delivered after the event.





BEFORE AND

AFTER

Fashion by **UNITY BARNES**
Photographs **Barry Lategan**



Maternity clothes get prettier all the time—so pretty that many mothers like to scale them down to their normal size later and keep on wearing them. In these pages, we invited two top-line model girls to re-enact their waiting days for us in dresses they would have been happy to wear themselves. Their daughters already show every sign of inheriting a keen sense of fashion, too

MRS. JOHN HARDY (model Suzanne Kinnear) liked an easy swing to day dresses, and the formality of black for evening
Opposite page: A black and white tweedy dress in crease-proof rayon widens from a centre seam at front and back; attention is focussed on the thick white crochet collar. 6½ gns. at Elegance Maternelle, 199 Sloane Street and 5 Thayer Street

Above: For evening, Mrs. Hardy thinks this dress in soft black faconné silk is near-perfect with its balanced line of a soft, high-waisted skirt beneath a décolleté bodice centred by a big full-blown rose. This one is a good candidate to be narrowed down to match a newly slim figure. 59 gns. at Just Jane, 8 Sloane Street and 93 Baker Street; and 10 Corporation Street, Birmingham



**BEFORE AND
AFTER**



Opposite page: Fiona Hardy demands compliments in Ladybird's white drip-dry cotton broderie anglaise dress, size 18 inches only, 16s. 11d. at John Lewis Ladybird Shop and all Ladybird stockists throughout the country

Above: Fiona kicks sturdily in a knitted overall suit of cotton and nylon stretch towelling; snap fasteners hold it securely closed. One of the new, practical baby clothes by Carters of America from Aristoc, here in rosy pink, sized from birth to 30 lb. weight, from £1 6s. at Harrods; Elliston and Cavell, Oxford; Brown Muff, Bradford. The big white hand-knitted Shetland wool shawl is 4 gns. at Hayfords, 205 Sloane Street



**BEFORE AND
AFTER**



MRS. PETER BLOND (model Virginia Wynne-Thomas) liked an illusion of straightness for as long as possible, says she would have chosen any of the dresses here as being immediately flattering and normal-looking

Opposite page: Liberty-printed wool, marigold colours on black, makes a simple shift dress that any girl might covet, with double frills at the elbows. Designed by Hilary Huckstepp for Motherhood, 22 Baker Street and 21 Beauchamp Place, 9½ gns.

Above: A dress that will take care of most occasions in navy wool georgette, quite straight below a small rolled collar of white organdie. By Maxlim, £7 19s. 6d. at Maternally Yours, 24 New Cavendish Street. Rebecca wears Chilprufe's Paisley printed cotton dress with little flat pleats around the hem. Sizes 16 inches to 18 inches from 19s. 11d. at Selfridges



BEFORE AND
AFTER



Opposite page: A practical, easy dress for on-coming spring and summer days in black and white rayon buttoning to the hem below a high yoke, cap sleeves. By Du Barry, 6 gns. at Great Expectations, Hampstead Garden Suburb; Taylors, St. Annes-on-Sea. Rebecca's little coral wool crepe dress, traditionally smocked in coral and white, is in sizes 16 inches to 18 inches, 4½ gns. at Hayfords

Above: Mrs. Blond's evening-at-home choice could have been this aquamarine moiré jacket, mandarin-collared with back fullness pleated into its deep yoke, worn, as here, with trousers, or with a matching short skirt. (The coat on its own could top a long evening dress, too). Trouser suit, 28 gns.; skirt extra, made to measure, from Motherhood. Rebecca says goodnight in a toe-length white Viyella nightdress smocked at the neck with pink and blue; 25 inches only, 2 gns. at Harrods



Peter O'Toole is gradually creating a tradition of linking his name with only the biggest scale film productions. After Lawrence of Arabia and Becket he plays the title role in Columbia's Lord Jim, the Royal Command Performance Film to be premièred at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on 15 February in the presence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Also appearing in the film version of Conrad's most famous story are James Mason, Curt Jürgens, Eli Wallach, Jack Hawkins and Daliah Lavi

on films

Elspeth Grant / The supreme Hamlet

I should like to see the name Innokenti Smoktunovsky up in lights outside the Academy Cinema—not because it would help unfortunates caught in the Oxford Street traffic jams to while away the time by playing my favourite game of “find-a-rhyme-for-that,” but because this Siberian actor is, to my mind, one of the finest Hamlets of our time. He is blond, wiry and virile, princely in bearing—a far more resolute Hamlet than we are used to, an incandescent personality even in his gloomiest moments. Of all the Hamlets I can recall—these include a German, a Swede, two Danes, a Frenchman and well over a score of Englishmen—Smoktunovsky's is the most strikingly individual, the most memorable. You would be mad to miss him.

In the two-and-a-half-hour Russian version of *Hamlet*, superbly directed by Grigori Kozintsev, the story of Shakespeare's four-hour play (here translated by Boris Pasternak) has necessarily been pared down but I do not think you will find such omissions as there are in any way deplor-

able: they seem to me to make the film the more incisive. It has been sub-titled, brilliantly, from Shakespeare's original text and though the poetry of the translation may elude you (I assume your Russian is no better than mine) I am sure you cannot fail to be carried away by the visual poetry of this magnificent production—to which, by the way, Shostakovich has contributed a wonderfully sensitive score.

The film opens not with the familiar scene on the battlements but, excitingly, with Hamlet's clattering return on horseback from Wittenberg to find the court at Elsinore in mourning for the death of his father. I do not, I imagine, have to tell you what transpires thereafter—if you do not know your *Hamlet* by now, you jolly well ought to—but I would like to draw your attention to the beauty and imaginativeness of the drama's setting and the superlative acting.

Never has the cliff-top castle towering above the fretful sea been so fully populated. Hamlet, rapt away in thoughts of vengeance, moves through vast

chambers thronged with discreet courtiers who whisper among themselves and servants who, heedless of the Prince's agitated mien, go silently about their daily tasks. In a spacious room hung with tapestry, a ruffed and farthingaled lady-in-waiting gives Ophelia (the exquisite Anastasia Vertinskaya) a dancing lesson—a quite entrancing scene. The castle courtyard, on the boisterous arrival of the Players, buzzes and clacks with life—grooms and maids come bustling to receive them, hungry hens scramble for food at their feet and dogs mildly survey the happy confusion and amiably wag their tails. It is all intensely real and, at the same time, magical.

Vertinskaya, with her delicate, pure features is the loveliest and most poignant Ophelia imaginable—so fragile that when her women robe her in heavy mourning, over stays and hoops of steel, one feels she will never be able to bear the burden of it, bowed down as she already is in grief for her murdered father. The mad scene, played in a great cold hall under the horrified eyes of blenching courtiers and aghast men-at-arms, is heart-rending—and nobody could remain unmoved at the sight of this Ophelia lying drowned in water so still that it seems

awe-struck at her beauty.

Michail Nazvanov makes Claudius a sort of Henry VIII figure—a powerfully built, ruthless man of infinite cunning. That he is less imperious to the pricks of conscience than he would like to be is shrewdly conveyed at the end of the play-scene. He cannot sustain the bravado of his gesture when he rises to applaud the Players: suddenly the mask of jovial condescension drops from his face and in guilty panic he rushes from the place uttering terrible cries as if mortally wounded.

In Eliza Radzin we have a Gertrude we can truly pity—an immensely human woman, tragically torn between love for her son and an irresistible, middle-aged, physical passion for the culpable King who, as one divines from the indifference with which he sees her drink the poisoned wine in the duel-scene, has never valued her as he values the crown. S. Olexenko is a fine, fiery Laertes, Yurie Tolubeyev a cosy, fussily solicitous Polonius, and V. Medvedev and I. Dmitriev are suavely treacherous as Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

The latest Cinerama epic, *La Fayette*, is a whacking great “historical” concerning the exploits of that rich young aristocrat, the Marquis de La Fayette (Michel Le Royer), who, to the annoyance of King Louis XVI (a charming performance by Albert Remy), sold a couple of his valuable estates and took himself off to America at his own expense to help Washington win the War of Independence.

The first half of the film, shot at Versailles, is eminently agreeable to look at, very handsome and stylish: the second deals with the defeat of the English by La Fayette (and the Americans), has what look like millions of troops swarming over a fairly uninteresting landscape, and is notable only for the splendid dignity with which General Cornwallis (our own dear Jack Hawkins) surrenders to Washington (Howard St. John).

The cast includes Orson Welles as Benjamin Franklin, Edmund Purdom as an American agent, and Vittorio de Sica as a wily English informer, as well as a pretty assortment of French, German and Italian actresses. The greater part of the dialogue has been somewhat clumsily dubbed into English—Messrs. Hawkins and St. John are happily allowed to speak for themselves. Jean Dreville directed. It's all in colour, of course.



Jack Hawkins makes one of his rare (ABC) television appearances in Robert Storey's domestic drama about the decline of a small businessman, *Putty Medal*, on 24 January. Angela Baddeley plays his wife

on books

Oliver Warner / Desert fauna

"O Master," Edward Lear's cook once said, "we have come into a world where everything is made of chocolate, ham, curry-powder and salmon!" The man was speaking of Petra, the "rose-red city, half as old as time," enticingly re-described in **Portrait of a Desert** by Guy Mountford (Collins 36s.). This is the record of a recent expedition to the desert region of the Kingdom of Jordan, the object being to report on the contracting sphere where extremely rare animals and birds may still be found. There are many good black and white photographs, and varied quality among the coloured ones, though the best are a revelation, and the text is attractive.

It is more than a century since George Eliot, in her *Scenes of Clerical Life* exposed some of the personal problems of the less usual clergy. Robert Shaw, in **The Flag** (Chatto & Windus 21s.), the first of a trilogy of novels to borrow from May Sinclair the title *The Cure of Souls*, proposes to set himself the task of describ-

ing a series of scenes and character studies that would certainly have surprised George Eliot. He bases incidents in which his central character Calvin figures, on events in the career of Conrad Noel of East Thaxted, and builds up a story of dramatic intensity. Calvin is red, like the flag of the title, but I wish I felt that his general approach to some of the more daunting perplexities of life was as firm and sound as his inner integrity. How the full novel will eventually shape is anyone's guess: the present ending leaves a lot unsaid—about Calvin's unusual family for instance. The author's sense of period is good, the present book being set in the '20s.

A. L. Rowse's **A Cornishman at Oxford** (Cape 30s.) is most exasperating. It is the long-expected continuation of the autobiography begun so well in *A Cornish Childhood*. Brilliant boy makes good, goes to Christ Church, meets all his more interesting contemporaries, glimpses of whom are delightful, wins All Souls fellowship, keeps diaries, stores everything

up for future readers. It is exasperating because every single time one wants to pat the author on the back Rowse spoils the gesture by doing it himself, and in a big way. Self-satisfaction is all very well, but carried to such an extreme it leaves a critic (however sympathetic) with little to say. This is distinguished work, that would have been twice as good with less obtrusive egotism.

Very different in attitude is John Dyer's **The Ragged Mountain** (Chatto & Windus 25s.) which takes the reader straight into a Welsh mining family and makes him at home. There is affection, objectivity, a wealth of incident, intensity of feeling—working-class life as it is lived. As a chorus there is the sound of those wonderfully moving Welsh voices that I have heard so often, never without a shock of pleasure, as their owners swung along the road in the darkness of a winter's morning on their way to work.

I find Margaret Forster's **Georgy Girl** (Secker & Warburg 21s.) a satisfactory tale despite her use of inappropriate names: Georgina, the heroine, quickly becomes George, and another female character is called Meredith. Georgina is described as having "an ugly mug" yet, with her queer

imagination and disconcerting honesty, she ends up with a household that few girls would lightly reject. I feel convinced of her reality, and of the general run of the people, in a novel which is easy to read and thoroughly likable.

Briefly . . . What is it like to be the captain of one of the *Queens*? Are the responsibilities social and otherwise, too onerous for enjoyment? Commodore Donald Maclean, in **Queen's Company** (Hutchinson 30s.) gives the answer. It is a fine life. But then, as one may gather between the lines of a stirring salt-water narrative, he is a fine man . . . **The Big Wheel** by George W. Herald and Edward D. Radin (Hale 18s.) is concerned with "Monte Carlo's Opulent Century." It celebrates the 100th anniversary of the famous casino, with stories about the glamorous people who have tried their luck there . . . Finally, as a thought-provoker, **The Politics of Hysteria**, by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff (Gollancz 28s.). This analyses the sources of the political and other conflicts that have so distressed the 20th century, and even asks whether the Cold War is a delusion. It is not comforting about what the West has done to the world in general, and perhaps it tries to say too much. But at least it tries.

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Pianos worth hearing

High on my list of names to be watched in 1965 are two promising pianists, Andrew Hill and Herbie Hancock, both of whom can be heard in the context of Hank Mobley's album, **No Room for Squares** (Blue Note). The two sessions from which this music derives are mainly vehicles for the leader's tenor and the biting trumpet of Lee Morgan or Donald Byrd, but the imaginative and commendably rhythmic pianists both make clear statements of their intention to leave a big mark on current jazz activities. Andrew Hill carries his work a stage further with some skilful sound-blending with vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson in his own album **Judgement** (Blue Note) that may well earn him the questionably favourable tag of being *avant-garde*. All the pieces in this set are his own compositions, masterfully backed by top

drummer Elvin Jones and the incredibly versatile bassist, Richard Davis. The influence of Monk is there, but not the simplicity, and I must admit that the music requires more than passing attention before one can appreciate just how much these men are achieving.

After a period of negative progress, Oscar Peterson's piano playing activities have recently taken on a new lease of life, and I can give his last two albums the highest commendations. **The Oscar Peterson Trio plus One** (Mercury) delights in the rapport that he finds with trumpeter Clark Terry, who blows in his most lyrical manner, and reaches effortlessly for the blues in a timeless way one seldom hears today. It is obvious even from a quick listen that the two men are enjoying themselves, as is Oscar, in **The Oscar Peterson**

Trio Plays (Verve). Three pieces in this set are from Basie's book, and the pianist sounds equally at home in these rhythmic pieces as he does in the slower ballad tracks that are featured.

Mingus Plays Piano (H.M.V.) is certainly one of the great piano records of 1964, and tells its own incredible story of genius that could only unfold in jazz. Charlie Mingus, the greatest living bass player, and one of the really important composers, decided to make a *solo* piano record! He performs with grace and gentleness, spreading an aura of sensuality with his rich chording and deep harmony, and skilfully avoiding the harsh attacking sounds that he so often uses in his band writings.

There is much beauty but little of the suppleness of jazz in Dave Brubeck's **Jazz Impressions of Japan** (CBS), recorded on his return from a tour of that country last spring. Paul Desmond projects long shafts of music which are jazz, releasing the whole performance from becoming a rather cloying procession of

Oriental influence imposed on some very ordinary and uninspiring themes.

The fully flavoured meat of the jazz piano comes in two important albums of widely differing characteristics. Art Tatum's magical interpretations, still unsurpassed in terms of the melodic expression of jazz, are heard to good advantage in a record by a new label, XTRA, that will be releasing material from the American Folkways catalogue. Six tracks are Tatum solos, the remaining four being taken up by his trio, which he formed in 1943, with Tiny Grimes on guitar and Slam Stewart on bass. The other is Memphis Slim's **The Real Boogie-Woogie** (Folkways) which provides an up-to-date insight of one of the oldest forms of blues piano playing. Slim is a powerful and impressive player, boasting rather more technique than some of his colleagues, yet so dedicated to his style that the contemporary influences which have carried jazz and popular music far beyond this primitive but fascinating form have never touched him.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / The gentle surrealist

Vosdanig Adoian, of Khorkom Vari, Hayiotz Dzor, is an artist of whose work we have seen little in this country. Surprising really, since as Arshile Gorky (the name he assumed when he was 20) he was one of the principal pioneers of the "new American painting" that has dominated the art world for the past decade. Six of his pictures were included in the Arts Council's exhibition, *The New American Painting*, at the Tate Gallery in 1959, but since then (so far as I am aware) virtually nothing has been seen of "sweet Arshile's" work.

But now, again thanks to the Arts Council, there is an exhibition of his drawings at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, and one of his best canvases is at the Tate, in the exhibition of the Peggy Guggenheim Collection.

"Arshile Gorky," says the introduction to the ICA exhibition catalogue, "is a magic name." It is also a very tragic one. As in the case of Jackson Pollock, the circumstances of Gorky's death have given rise to something of a myth. But Gorky's story is far more terrible than Pollock's. A month before he hanged himself in 1948 (at the age of 43) he had broken his neck and paralysed his painting hand in a motor accident. Two years

earlier he had been operated on for cancer, and had also lost a large number of his paintings and drawings in a fire. Once these facts are known they are not easily forgotten and it would be surprising if the "myth" had not coloured much of the posthumous criticism of Gorky's art. Is he really as important as many of the American critics have said?

The answer is not to be found in the single picture at the Tate nor in the exhibition of drawings, but the two taken together do provide a partial answer. They dispel the initial impression that one may so easily get that Gorky was no more than a derivative artist who fed parasitically on the inventions of artists greater than himself, notably Miró and surrealist Picasso. Studying his evolution through the drawings (that date from 1925 to 1947), and recalling the six pictures at the Tate in 1959 and the one there now, I became aware that, though Gorky used a vocabulary derived from others, he transmuted it into a poetry that is unique in surrealist painting.

By all accounts, and judging by his photographs (in which he looks like a fifth, and sad, Marx Brother) Arshile Gorky was the gentlest of men. And it is perhaps a quality of gentleness, inherent in his

imagery and his beautiful colour, that sets his work apart from that of the other surrealists. The sense of menace that, in varying degrees, pervades the paintings of his friends (and influences) Ernst, Masson, Tanguy and Matta, appears to have no place in Gorky's surrealist pictures. Strange that such an artist should be acknowledged by the most violent of abstract expressionists as a powerful influence.

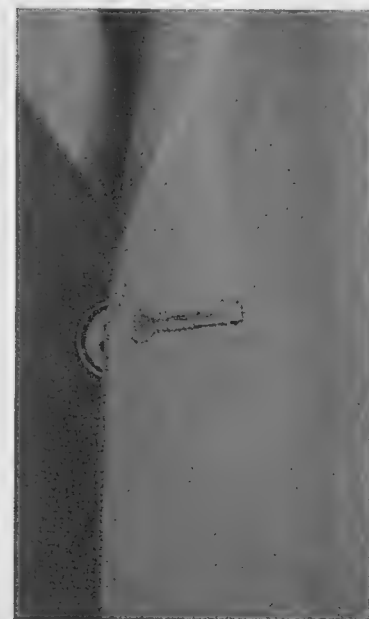
Talking of influences reminds me that I have not yet said anything about the William Hogarth Bicentenary Exhibition at the British Museum. The bicentenary of Hogarth's death was, in fact, last year but the exhibition only began in December and continues till May. There are no paintings here; the exhibition consists predominantly of the engravings that made Hogarth famous in his own day and some of the drawings for those engravings. The *Rake's Progress* and *Harlot's Progress*, *Marriage à la Mode* and *Industry and Idleness*, *Beer Street* and *Gin Lane* are all here. Because these things are so familiar it may well be that the most fascinating parts of the exhibition for many people will be those devoted to works by artists who "anticipated, influenced or worked parallel with Hogarth," a description that includes Leonardo and the Carracci, Francis Barlow and Sir James Thornhill, Watteau and Chardin, Longhi and Guardi, Tiepolo and Canaletto, Francis Hayman and many others.



WHAT DOES SHE SEE IN HIM?



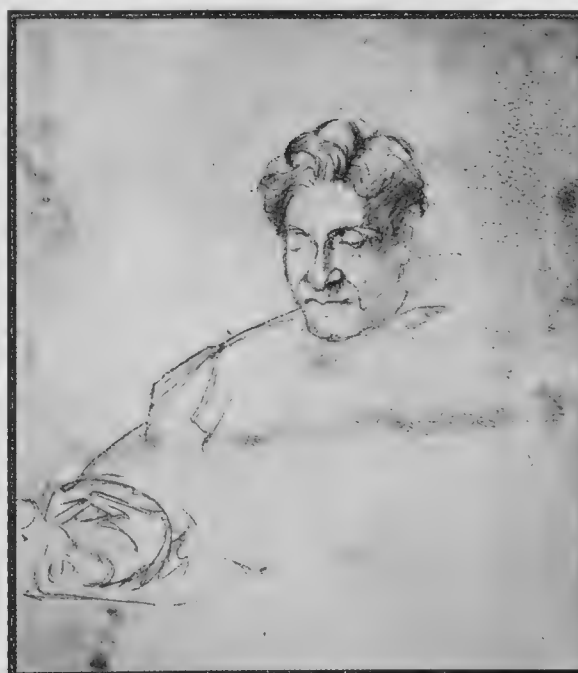
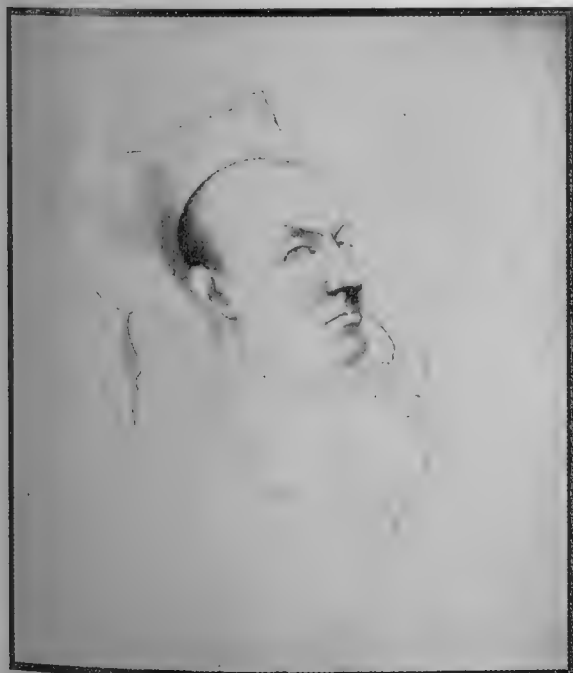
She sees a man with a keen eye for quality, demands quality... and looks quality in his well-tailored suit of Hare of England cloth.



She sees a man always looking at his best advantage. The vast range of Hare of England materials has made it possible for him to choose the pattern exactly suited to the cut of his suit, his figure and his personality. So she's very interested in this man who looks a man. Demanding quality. Original. Distinctively himself in cloth by

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Two portrait studies by Arshile Gorky in the exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts referred to above. Born a Turkish Armenian, Gorky went to America at the age of 15 and became a leading avant-garde artist though, as can be seen in these drawings, he worked with authority in traditional forms

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DINING IN

Helen Burke / A Chinese do-it-yourself kit

Whatever 1965 holds for us, I do not think I shall again hear such an unexpected remark as I did on the first day of the year when a Chinese gourmet from Paris said: "All French food tastes the same. I want Pin-Lo."

Now, we have heard over and over again that all Chinese dishes taste alike, but the same remark made about French food came to me as a shock.

PIN-LO is a delicious way of cooking food at the table; anyone can serve it and it could become the rage of 1965. It is Chinese and, like most Chinese dishes, the preparation takes much longer than the actual cooking. A party of six to eight is the ideal number.

In the centre of the table is a spirit lamp on which rests a casserole of rich chicken stock. Around it, on small oval or round plates, are seasoned thin slices of fish, meat and poultry ready to be cooked; sometimes as many as nine different kinds. Then there are leafy green vegetables in season, such as round lettuce (leaves separated), large-leafed watercress, young spring cabbage and true spinach. On separate plates there are three sauces—chili, mustard and plum. For 6 to 8 people, 4 to 6 oz. of each item are enough. It is advisable to have two plates for each item, to save passing the dishes around.

After removing the skin and bone, cut raw breast of chicken, diagonally, into thin slices and work into them a few drops of ginger sherry and a pinch of Ve-Tsin (monosodium glutamate). Ginger sherry is made by infusing an ounce of chopped fresh ginger in 8 fluid ounces of sherry. Cut raw pig's liver into thin strips, also slantwise, and work a little salt and pepper into them. Treat raw fillet steak the same way. Cut chicken gizzards, inner skin removed, into thin strips and season them slightly.

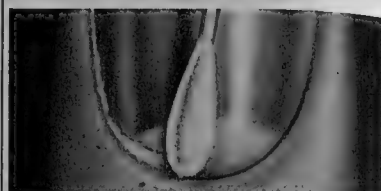
Cut the white parts of scallops straight across the grain into wafer-thin slices and leave them as they are. Slice skinned fillets of sole into diagonal strips, as for *gougonettes* of sole. Trim and remove the black intestinal lines from shelled Pacific prawns, cut the prawns into ½-inch slices and work a little unbeaten white of egg into

them. Another favourite item in Pin-Lo is inkfish, parboiled and sliced ready.

The various sauces are easy to obtain with the exception, perhaps, of plum sauce; make this by blending the sauce from Indian chutney into plum jam and sieving the mixture. The chutney sauce supplies the necessary piquant flavour; three tablespoons should be ample. One other item on the table is cooked rice, boiled the Chinese or Indian way, in a heated dish.

The guests take their places at table and select tit-bits (if they can use chopsticks so much the better, but those long two-pronged forks as used for Swiss fondue will do very well) and lower them into the well-seasoned boiling chicken stock, leaving them there for the shortest possible time. Scallops for instance are ready in less than half-a-minute and sole almost as soon. The time for steak depends on the degree of "doneness" preferred. Chicken breast, prawns and the liver take a trifle longer than the scallops and sole, but if calf's liver is used instead of pig's liver I would give it a little less time. Gizzards and inkfish need hardly more time than the chicken breast. To people who believe in slow simmering, this quick cooking is a revelation both as regards flavour and texture. And the "self-cooking" at table is certainly fun.

During the meal, guests help themselves to rice and cook leafy greens to go with the fish, meat and poultry. These, too, are quickly cooked. I would give the stouter leaves up to 3 minutes. If, by this time, anyone needs more food at this main course, lower lettuce leaves, cup shape up, into the boiling stock, break an egg into each and poach it. Finally, there is the soup itself. It is a most delicious one and it is unaffected by the different items cooked in it. That, at least, is how I feel about it. The casserole should be shallow rather than deep for it is then easier to keep track of the various items being cooked. After Pin-Lo, you can serve any sweet you like. My choice would be Chow-Chow or what is now considered U in China, fruit and vegetables in a ginger syrup.



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Dudley Noble

MOTORING

Homely hornet's nest

A Mini by any other name is just as sweet, and when that name is Wolseley one expects, and gets, something rather super in the way of finish and fitments. Thus the Hornet offers a distinctive frontal appearance and an extended luggage boot; it also has a much more elegant interior finish, with polished walnut fillets to the fascia panel and pile carpeting to the floor, plus underfelt. Whatever the radiator nameplate says, however, the car basically remains a B.M.C. Mini, with the same upright driving position, two wide doors, large window area and Hydrolastic suspension.

This last is new for 1965 and I think it is a genuine improvement. The car certainly rides very steadily at all speeds: its main feature is the inter-connection of the front and back wheels on each side of the car by a pipe containing non-freezing liquid. The actual



springing medium remains rubber in the form of cushions, doing away with conventional springs and shock absorbers, and requiring absolutely no maintenance.

In conjunction with the other design features—the transverse engine and gearbox with drive to the front wheels—this suspension gives wonderful stability on bends, and the Wolseley Hornet, like its brothers and sisters with Austin, Morris, Princess or Riley on their nameplates, is without doubt one of the very safest cars to drive.

Now that the engine has been enlarged from its original 850 c.c. to just on one litre (998 c.c.) and the power output

raised from 34 to 38 b.h.p., the Hornet has gained in liveliness and will travel at a full 75 m.p.h. It has, however, lost little in the way of fuel economy, and will still do around 40 m.p.g. if driven in touring style.

Following the usual Mini layout, the instruments are simple and well set out; there is a 90 m.p.h. speedometer, a petrol gauge, oil pressure gauge and water temperature gauge. A heater is standard equipment, also a screen washer, and there are the usual fitments such as self-cancelling direction indicators and two screen wipers. New for this year are crushable safety sun visors and a door-operated courtesy light, but the price has been kept stable at £460 basic, £566 8s., including purchase tax.

At this figure the Hornet represents very good value for money indeed, since it is a little drawing room on wheels.

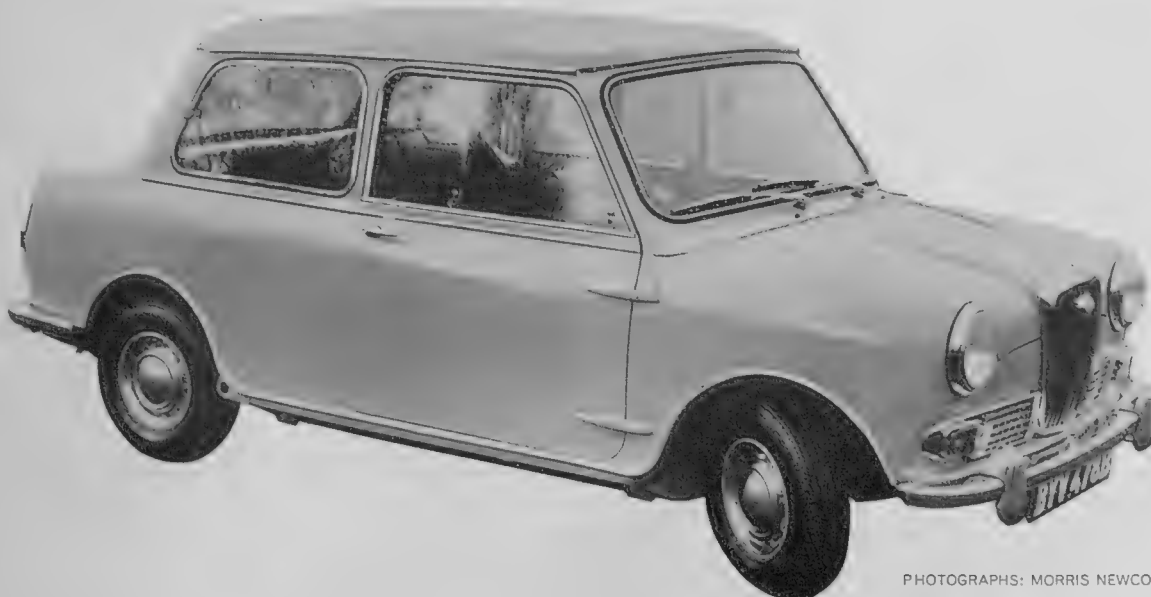
The upholstery is most comfortable, with real leather to the wearing parts of the seats and foam rubber cushioning. The windows remain of sliding type, as fullest advantage has been taken of body width, and pockets are incorporated in the lower part of the doors, which preclude winding windows. The method of fixing the sliding panels has been much improved over early models, however, and the rear quarter-lights are hinged to allow ventilation to the back compartment.

In this latter there is plenty of width for two adults, and three can be taken at a pinch; legroom is reasonably good unless the front seats are pushed right back, but there is none too much headroom for tall people. The four-speed gearbox still has synchromesh on the upper three ratios only, and the gear lever remains the long and rather springy stick

it always has been: one can, however, buy a remote control replacement from certain accessory makers.

Starting up on a freezing morning after the car had stood out overnight was quite prompt, and delivery of warm air by the heater not unduly delayed. The greater engine power, as compared with the Wolseley Hornet I last drove a couple of years ago, made this latest model a lot more pleasant to handle, especially in traffic where brisk acceleration counts for so much, and there seemed improved flexibility on top gear and third. One gets this increased power thrown in for the extra £86 one pays for the Hornet over and above the lowest priced Austin or Morris Mini; the other items like heater, screen washers, leather-faced seats, polished wood fascia, better trimming and carpeting and wheel embellishers—to say nothing of the different front and larger boot—more than justify the price difference.

Whether these items, coupled with the prestige of owning a Wolseley, are worth the extra outlay depends on one's individual approach to motoring. My own opinion is that, the virtues of the Mini being so well established, the superior comfort, equipment and finish of the Hornet make it a proposition well worth serious consideration.



PHOTOGRAPHS: MORRIS NEWCOMBE



Hygiene is of primary importance. Take plenty of warm water baths to condition your skin and bathe the bust with cold water night and morning. This, with the help of a good uplift bra, worn day and night towards the end of pregnancy, will help to tone the pectoral muscles. Spend extra time on mouth hygiene, too, ending each meal with a piece of hard cleansing food such as raw apple, pear, or stick of celery. Rinse the mouth with a diluted magnesia preparation at bedtime and after any bout of sickness or heartburn.

A diet from your doctor or midwife will ensure the health of your baby and yourself, but here are a few tips for good looks. Avoid alcohol, strong tea and coffee, fried and twice-cooked foods and cut down on salt, sugar, sweets and starches. Eat plenty of raw and lightly cooked vegetables, particularly the dark green iron-rich ones, wholemeal bread, oatmeal, prunes, raisins and apricots. Drink plenty of water between meals.

Special beauty care of the hair, nails and feet are necessary. The hair, however beautiful it looks now, will fall after your baby is born, unless it is pampered now with extra brushing, tonic massage and conditioning shampoos. Give your nails a nightly dose of cuticle cream and regular buffing. A few minutes a day with Scholl's electric foot massager will put them in condition, or you can do a few arch-strengthening exercises.

BEAUTY FLASH Rose Laird introduces Thelane, "4" a sub-base to soften line, nourish and moisturize, price 42s. from the hairdressing department of all large stores.

Coffee-brown wool jersey maternity trousers with elasticized waistband, 5 gns.; sleeveless top to wear alone or over a sweater, 5 gns. Both from Elegance Maternelle, Sloane Street and Thayer Street.

Photograph by David Hurn.

Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes

From here to maternity

Having a baby may not act as a beauty treatment, but it is quite possible to emerge from pregnancy looking better than before. It depends on whether you'll bother to keep the six-point rule of life. This takes in exercise, rest, fresh air, hygiene, diet and special beauty care.

Exercise from household chores may seem all you can take, but it is better to cut these duties down to a minimum to give time for such beneficial activities as walking and swimming in still water. If a daily swim in the nearest swimming bath is not possible, try and fit a two-mile walk into your daily routine.

Rest is important and, in addition to your usual nine hours, plan a daytime rest and, towards the end of pregnancy, two rest periods. The shorter one of these can be in the beauty-rest position, flat on bed or floor, the thighs and legs raised with cushions. Even ten minutes in this position will refresh tired feet and reduce swollen ankles. The longer rest should be an undress affair and this, incidentally, is a good opportunity for beauty treatment. Tonic-soaked pads on the eyes and cream or cream mask on your face will aid relaxation. If sleep is sometimes difficult at night, try a hot bedtime drink of mint or elderflower tea. A small pillow tucked into the hollow of the back or the curve of the neck will prove a real comfort at this time.

Fresh air will prevent the skin from looking sallow. See that your rooms are well ventilated and spend five minutes in deep breathing before an open window night and morning: this will ensure that you get your full quota of oxygen.

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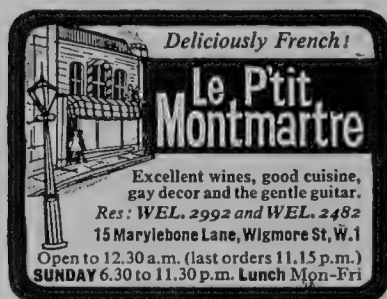
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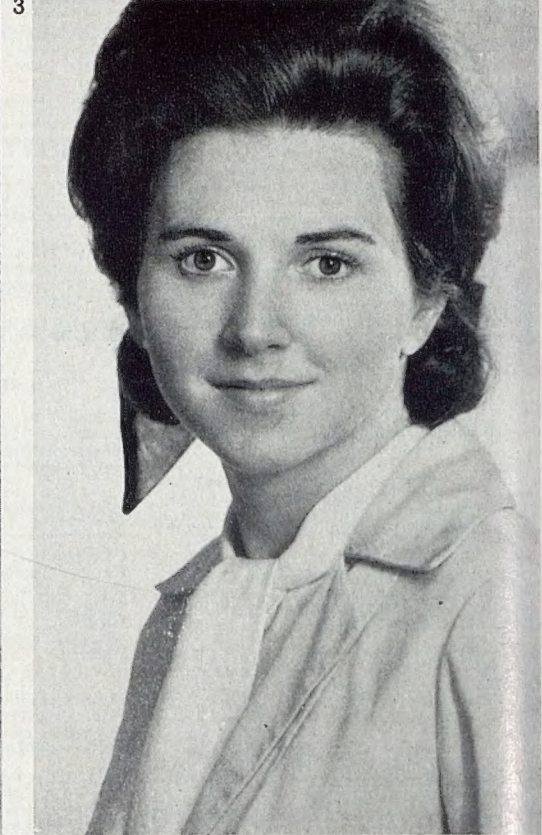
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2 Miss Jennifer Diane Kimmins to Mr. G. R. Rawes. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. J. Kimmins, of Bramhill, Cheshire. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. G. R. Rawes, of Ingatestone, Essex.

3 Miss Angela Webb to Mr. Klaus Jespersen. *She* is the twin daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. Thomas Webb, of Felpham, Sussex. *He* is the only son of Mr. Knud Jespersen, of Copenhagen, Denmark.

4 Hare—Sergison-Brooke: The Hon. Mary-Anne Hare, daughter of Viscount & Viscountess Blakenham, of Holland Park, W., was married to Timothy, son of Lieutenant-General Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, and the late Lady Sergison-Brooke, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield.





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